

California GARDEN

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1954

VOLUME 45, NO. 3

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CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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September 21 8 p.m.
Meeting to be held at Rosecroft Gardens.

OCTOBER

October 19 Afternoon
"Flower Arrangements."

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Stanley Miller, illustrated talk on gardens around the world.

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Affiliate membership in the San Diego Floral Association is available to all garden clubs within the city limits of San Diego. Annual dues of \$10.00 entitles an affiliate to representation on the executive board of the Floral Association, and to two subscriptions to California Garden. An additional fee of \$15.00, for the building maintenance fund, entitles an organization to the use of the Floral Building in Balboa Park for meetings and to one flower show a year in a park building. Garden clubs interested are asked to write a letter petitioning affiliate membership.

Subscriptions to California Garden, \$2.00 per year; foreign countries and Canada \$2.25. California Garden is on the list of publications authorized by the San Diego Retail Merchants Association. Manuscripts submitted for publication will receive prompt attention. Advertising rates on request.

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California Garden

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1954

VOL. 45, NO. 3

Dr. Ouer points out that, although some plants can cause human ills, they are not entirely to blame for doing so.

Plant Allergy

ROY A. OUER, M.D.

The author of this paper owes an apology to the readers on at least two counts. First, for presuming to be sufficiently wise to write an article in a garden magazine, and secondly, for saying some derogatory things about plant life. Plants, however, need no defense, since the good they do far outweighs any adverse effect they may have on some individuals. All of us know that many of the valuable medications used daily are derived from plants, and a greater number of these preparations are finding their way into use all the time. In the course of discussing the ways in which some plants can cause human ills, it will be shown that they are not entirely to blame for doing so, and that humans also have some inherent qualities which make them susceptible to certain forms of difficulties when they come in contact with an offending substance.

For example, Jim sneezes continually and violently when he cuts his lawn, or when he is in contact with grass cuttings. His father cannot handle tomato plants without breaking out in a skin rash wherever the plant touches him, nor can he eat tomatoes without becoming violently ill with nausea and a generalized gastro-intestinal upset. His mother has migraine headaches and gets hives when she eats strawberries, and his sister wheezes and coughs whenever she inhales certain pollens or dust, or whenever she eats foods to

which she is allergic. This girl had eczema when she was an infant, but, as is usually the case, her allergic pattern changed as she got older, and she no longer has difficulty with her skin. Jim's hay fever bothers him more in the spring and summer when the lawn grasses are pollinating. The members of Jim's family who have allergy fall into a large group of individuals who, for some reason, lack the ability to become immune to the substances which ordinarily give no difficulty to the majority of people. There is a large group of allergic individuals in any population, and they have been estimated to comprise twenty to forty per cent of the human family. Being unable to withstand certain inhalants, foods, or contact substances, they have the unfortunate ability to become sensitive to a large number of things which do not bother the non-allergic population. Jim was almost sure to react unfavorably to some allergic excitant because both his father and his mother were highly allergic individuals. If only one of his parents had been allergic, he might have stood a better chance of going through life without having symptoms of some allergic disorder. But, even if he had done so, he could have transmitted the unfortunate ability to become sensitive to his children, even if his wife had not been allergic. So, in one sense of the word, allergy is an inherited disease, or, at least,

there is an hereditary factor in operation. In another sense of the word, however, it must be emphasized that allergic manifestations are primarily due to contact, in some way, with an allergic excitant. These allergic excitants are known medically as allergens, or substances which have the ability to cause symptoms in an allergic individual (sometimes these are called antigens).

Some persons are constituted differently from others. They respond to contact with environmental substances, whether these be foods eaten, pollen or dust inhaled, or things that come in contact with the skin, in a manner different from that of the majority of persons. They have "the allergic constitutions." The symptoms which they develop represent a response to an environmental maladjustment. Their reaction is primarily a protective reaction, in which the normal physiology has been disturbed. It is a purposeful reaction, purposelessly executed, the perversion of the function of protecting the body against deleterious environmental influences. No matter what the location of the shock tissue, which is usually the skin or the membranes of the respiratory tract, the changes are usually reversible. Unless the abnormal response is too long continued, there is usually a complete return to normal after the termination of the reaction. It is certainly true for the allergic person that "what is one man's

food is another man's poison."

Allergy is a general constitutional phenomenon, which may involve almost any part of the body, especially if enough of the allergen is absorbed into the blood to be transported wherever the blood goes. Certain shock tissues are more likely to react than others. These are located at points of contact with the outer world and therefore exposed to the allergen in much higher concentration than other tissues. Those tissues most affected are the membranes of the nose and throat and the linings of the bronchial tubes, the skin, and the membrane lining the gastro-intestinal tract. The development of symptoms depends in part upon inheritance, in part upon the nature of the allergen, in part upon the degree or duration of exposure, and in part upon the degree of immunity of the individual.

The inhalants, such as pollens and dust, do not play as large a part in causing allergic symptoms during the first few years of life. Food sensitivity, particularly to milk, eggs and cereals, is outstanding during infancy. As children become older, there is a rapid rise in the incidence of inhalant hypersensitiveness, and this incidence increases to about the eighth to tenth year of life. Thereafter, inhalant and food sensitivities are fairly common. It has been estimated that probably three million persons in the United States are sufferers from hay fever and asthma, and that about sixty-five per cent of all hay fever victims eventually develop asthma. The following, listed in the order of importance, are some of the outstanding offenders in the major groups of allergies. First, pollens; secondly, animal emanations, such as hair and dander of dogs, cats, horses, rabbits, feathers, wool and fur. Foods are the next commonest offending agent. The cereals, particularly wheat,

eggs, and cow's milk, are the foods most likely to cause allergic reaction. Shellfish, fish, meat and nuts are also frequent offenders. Allergy to fruits and vegetables is quite common, but the average incidence of hypersensitiveness to these foods and the intensity of the reaction is not as great as in the previously mentioned groups.

There is a large group of miscellaneous allergens which do not fall within the above classifications. This includes such common offenders as orris root, cottonseed, flaxseed, glue, silk, kapok, and molds. Dust sensitivity is found in approximately sixty-five per cent of allergic patients.

The substances in the plant world most likely to disturb the allergic individual are the wind-borne pollens and the oleoresins and waxes of certain plants. The commonly offending wind-borne pollens are those of the grass family, noteworthy among which is Bermuda grass, oats, rye grass, June grass, timothy, and many others. The pollens of certain weeds are also responsible for trouble, some of the more common ones being ragweed, pigweed, sage brush, pickleweed, and Russian thistle. The pollens of certain trees are also offensive, particularly acacia, walnut, oak, eucalyptus, etc. (For those readers particularly interested in the genus and species names and pollinating seasons in the Southern California area, a chart has been prepared and is shown on Table I).

(It is always with some apprehension that I include a formidable list of scientific names in a presentation. Knowing that there are some people who have other scientific names for botanical specimens, when I am engaged in discussion by some one who is an expert I am apt to give a plant a fairly formidable name, such as Pityriasis rosea, or Erythema mul-

tiforme, or Xanthoma planum, all of these being names of highly respected diseases, and this usually brings a prompt end to the discussion, since the listener is either too impressed or too disgusted to continue the conversation.)

The oleoresins and waxes of many shrubs and bushes are highly allergenic and can therefore cause a great deal of difficulty to allergic individuals who may be sensitive to the particular secretion of the plant. Direct contact is usually required before any symptoms ensue. When direct contact occurs, the manifestation is usually hives, blisters, or a form of eczema.

One elderly lady, with a skin rash on her right hand only, was having a great deal of difficulty periodically. It was difficult to understand how this patient could have difficulty on only one hand, and she was therefore asked to keep a record of everything which she did with either hand. Within a few days she made her own diagnosis. Every so often she pruned her primroses, and held the branches in her left hand, which she kept covered with a glove, and because she had difficulty holding pruning shears, she removed the glove from her right hand while she was clipping the bush, and there was some direct contact with the leaves on the right hand, which was sufficient to produce an eruption.

Some oleoresins are sufficiently toxic to affect almost all humans. These are the secretions from some members of the ivy family and oak family, known as poison ivy or poison oak, and sumac. One does not necessarily have to be an allergic individual to have a fairly typical eruption break out as a result of contact to these plants, since they are potentially dangerous to most individuals. However, it is possible to develop an immunity to these toxic plants and it is also possible to be made im-

mune by having injections against these substances.

Oleoresins also play another role in causing allergic symptoms. All flowers and plants have some form of oil or wax on their leaves and stems. Offending pollens, therefore, flying through the air, are apt to stick to the surface of a flower and when it is cut and brought into the house, as a floral bouquet, the oleoresin and wax then begins to dry and the pollen falls from the plant and begins to circulate in the air, causing inhalant problems. Thus it is, that the allergic person sometimes blames cut flowers or a plant as being the guilty party when actually his difficulty is due to the wind-borne

pollen which has lodged on the flower while it is growing outdoors. This is the reason that most allergic individuals are advised not to have cut flowers in the house.

Pollens vary in their potency and their ability to cause trouble to allergic people is not the same. Their size and weights are different and therefore their wind-borne potentialities are variable. They vary in the amount of protein which they contain and since it is the protein fraction of the allergen to which the individual reacts, the degree of reactivity is inconstant. The appearance of pollens is different for each species

of plant, and the pollen grain can be studied microscopically when obtained either directly from the plant or from the air if the pollen is wind-borne. The air-borne pollen can be collected on a glycerinated microscopic slide and studied in a greatly enlarged form through microscopic lenses.

In the next issue of CALIFORNIA GARDEN, we will discuss how extracts of pollens can be prepared, for diagnostic purposes, and how these extracts are used for treatment. There will also be a discussion of the forms of testing for plant allergy and what can be done for the patient who has an allergic disorder.

TABLE I

Note: Capital letters indicate most important inhalants clinically. Underlining indicates flora readily found in and around San Diego.

Scientific Name	Common Name	Months
A. GRASSES		
<u>AVENA FATUA</u>	WILD OATS	3-6
<u>BROMUS RIGIDUS</u>	BRONCHO GRASS	4-6
<u>CYANADON (CAPRIOLA) DACTYLON</u>	BERMUDA GRASS	3-11
<u>DISTICHLIS SPICATA</u>	SALT GRASS	4-7
<u>ELYMUS CONDENSATUS</u>	GIANT RYE GRASS	5-8
<u>HOLCUS HALAPENSIS</u>	JOHNSON GRASS	5-9
<u>LOLIUM MULTIFLORUM</u>	ITALIAN RYE	4-7
<u>POA ANNUA</u>	ANNUAL BLUE GRASS	3-6
<u>POA PRATENSIS</u>	JUNE (KENTUCKY BLUE)	4-8
B. WEEDS		
<u>AMARANTHUS PALMERI</u>	CARELESSWEED	5-7
<u>AMARANTHUS RETROFLEXUS</u>	ROUGH PIGWEED	5-7
<u>AMBROSIA PSILOSTACHYA</u>	WESTERN RAGWEED	6-10
<u>ARTEMISIA CALIFORNICA</u>	COAST SAGEBRUSH	8-10
<u>ARTEMISIA VULGARIS</u>	MUGWORT	6-10
<u>ATRIPLEX LENTIFORMIS</u>	LENSCALE	6-9
<u>CHENOPODIUM ALBUM</u>	LAMB'S QUARTERS	5-11
<u>FRANSERIA TENU-FOLIA</u>	SLENDER RAGWEED	7-10
<u>FRANSERIA ACANTHICARPA</u>	FALSE RAGWEED	7-10
<u>PLANTAGO LANCEOLATA</u>	ENGLISH PLANTAIN	4-8
<u>RUMEX ACETOSELLA</u>	DOCK	4-8
<u>SALICORNIA AMBIGUA</u>	PICKLEWEED	4-8
<u>SALSOLA KALI</u>	RUSSIAN THISTLE	5-9
<u>Xanthium Canadense</u>	Cocklebur	5-10
C. TREES		
<u>ACACIA MIXTURE</u>	ACACIA	12-3
<u>Coccoloba Plumosa</u>	Queen (fan) Palm	3-6
<u>Eucalyptus Globulus</u>	Eucalyptus	2-6
<u>JUGLANS REGIA</u>	ENGLISH WALNUT	3-5
<u>OLEA EUROPEA</u>	OLIVE	3-5
<u>JUGLANS CALIFORNICA</u>	BLACK WALNUT	3-5
<u>Plantanus Racemosa</u>	Western Sycamore	3-5
<u>POPULUS TRICHOCARPA</u>	BLACK COTTONWOOD	2-4
<u>QUERCUS DUMOSA</u>	SCRUB OAK	3-5
<u>Quercus Agrifolia</u>	Coast Live Oak	2-4

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The Macadamia Tree

N. E. WESTREE

If you were to wish for a tree that would be a fine evergreen, sub-tropical, clean and long lived, one that would also bear good crops of the world's most edible and fashionable nuts, consider the Macadamia.

Here is a tree from "down under" — Queensland and New South Wales, Australia, that has found Southern California to its liking, and several hundred of its kind have been growing in widely separated locations from Santa Barbara to San Diego for as long as fifty years. Yet they were not conspicuous in the public eye because of their rarity until the last World War when many thousands of service men and women were stationed in or passed through the Hawaiian Islands, where they found four thousand acres of these trees grown as a commercial crop, and the nuts largely eaten locally. Most of the product goes into trade channels as a roasted, vacuum packed delicacy that still retails at about four dollars per pound, making it the most expensive of the world's nuts. Macadamia nut ice cream is one of the real taste thrills they found, as are the chocolate dipped kernels. Only a relatively few pounds of the product finds its way to the mainland, where they can occasionally be found in fancy food shops.

But happily for us, we can plant our own tree here and have these delicious nuts any day in the year.

The tree is a beautiful evergreen, growing moderately erect, twenty-five to forty feet high in California, with long spiny leaves, somewhat leathery. Some varieties have slightly spiny edges, others have perfectly smooth mar-

gins. It is considered a clean tree. The individual leaves live for several years and hence it is entirely suitable for home planting. The fragrant blossoms are inconspicuous and are borne on long racemes eight to fifteen inches long, followed in six months by the ripened round, shiny, hard shelled nuts enclosed in a husk which splits open when ripe, allowing the nuts to fall. They grow in clusters like grapes and have from six to seventy-five nuts per cluster, each an inch in diameter. The rich, sweet, mild kernel is all in one piece like a hazelnut, but tastes like a coconut flavored Brazil nut, and is high in oil content and vitamin B1. It is an extremely long lived tree and it is the opinion of authorities both in Australia and Hawaii that it is productive for at least 100 years.

The Macadamia is adaptable to a wide range of soils, provided it has good drainage. They do not like "wet feet." This is a sub-tropical tree and should not be planted where citrus, etc., has frozen out. The tree will show some damage to tender young terminal growth at about twenty-six degrees, but hardened growth or mature trees seem to withstand temperatures down to about twenty-one or twenty-two degrees.

Since the Macadamia seems to thrive when given the same soil, water, climate and care as the Avocado, plantings can be included in Avocado groves, especially where fungus rot has caused vacancies. The Macadamia is not susceptible to root fungus. It is a remarkably pest free tree and even gophers do not ordinarily care for the taste of its roots. It is also regarded as a very drought-resist-

ant tree when once established, and many specimens observed in California are found to go from one rainy season to the next without irrigation, although, of course, not doing their best under such conditions.

In recent years this tree has attracted a great deal of attention from orchardists and the University of California as a potential new crop, and about seventy-five acres have already been planted in southern California. A not-for-profit organization called the California Macadamia Society was recently formed to act as a clearing house for information on cultural practices, varieties, marketing, standards of quality, legislation and maintaining a registry for outstanding trees. The Society already has a hundred and fifty members, and membership is open to anyone interested in the Macadamia nut. The secretary of the Society is Mrs. Ida M. Westree, 1288 Las Flores Drive, Carlsbad.

If your nursery cannot yet supply you with trees, the secretary of the California Macadamia Society will be glad to inform you of their sources.

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Road to The Basque Country

PHILIP E. CHANDLER

No train ride gives the traveller a better idea of France and the French than the ten-hour run from Paris southwest to St.-Jean-de-Luz. The time of departure from Austerlitz station is 8 a.m., and previous experience teaches one that that doesn't mean 8:01, so he gets there at a quarter to eight—only to find that every single seat in all the third class compartments has over it a ticket saying "Place loue" (reserved). No one has offered the information that it is necessary to get a reservation in third, but obviously it is. So you're to be standing until 6 p.m.! The corridor soon becomes jammed with other persons who also didn't know—plainly dressed people from six to sixty with plenty of baggage. Before the train gets out of the station it is obvious that a stroll in any direction is going to be quite a project. But the ample windows that slide open from the top are so convenient to hang out of—at least three persons to each window—that one is soon lost in admiration of the lush French countryside.

Orleans is the first stop—a low-roofed old town with new airplane factories surrounded by well-tilled farmland, level as central Illinois and as black. Two-story farmhouses of considerable dignity are barely discernible through gargantuan beeches and pollarded limes. We are crossing one of the richest agricultural areas in Europe, the famous Loire Valley. Occasionally one glimpses one of the great old chateaux, but never close enough to see in detail. Near Tours the country becomes more rolling and diversified. Masses of *Spartium junceum* (Spanish Broom) brighten the

neat hedgerows with yellow, and waves of its cloying fragrance drift through the train windows on the moist warm air. Below Tours the land lies lower and lower, and Lombardy poplars dominate the landscape—sixty-foot spires of rain-washed green drifted over spacious pasture land, spattered among flowery meadows, casting long shadows over numerous pools studded with regal pond lilies. Now some elegant flat-topped pines furnish fine foil for the verticals, contrasting in texture and quality of green as well as in line and structure, but even the pines are high headed on long straight trunks rising like pelicans out of the marshes right down to the banks of the River Loire. On the bank beyond one enters orchards of plum, apricot, cherry and English walnuts, separated one from the other by fences of grapes all pinky-white with arsenate-of-lead spray. Well-paved narrow roads are shaded by plane trees of incredible girth and spread, hoary with age and some mildew. Traffic is sparse and slowed by droves of fat cattle and jaunting produce carts to and from the fields—potatoes, melons, cabbage and its relatives, opium poppies, and okra. More Lombardies lining drives to more chateaux smothered in groves of chestnut.

Now a food vendor comes through selling cherries and peaches, fine Dutch chocolate and incredibly bad French beer—"brewed in Monaco," it says. Most of the passengers are French, workers on holiday or city folk enroute to visit provincial relatives. They sit on their suitcases and dive into open-mesh bags for

sandwiches. A sandwich in France is a slab of ham separating two slabs of unbuttered crust. Traffic through the train corridor is like the post office before Christmas, but the travelers are friendly and courteous. Almost no English is spoken or attempted. Few Americans venture into third class, and the natives assume that foreigners who ride with them wish to learn French.

Outside the geography has changed to hills with rock, stone barns and houses with slate or tile roofs ringed around with little cornfields and big trees of *Magnolia grandiflora* in full bloom. There are also good bits of forest and little gardens of hydrangeas, very blue and very bright pink. We are now in the heart of west central France, not far from Limoges, famous for porcelains and chinaware. Every farm has its grove of fig and copse of pomegranate, and between the farmlands are good stands of timber—linden, oak, beech and pine. Mistletoe appears in the cottonwoods along narrow valleys between the stony hills, the stone fences and gravel drives. Eventually appear the solid stone cliffs of Poitiers, a town of pottery fame.

Well after noon one takes courage and starts climbing over babies and baggage, grandmothers and bicycles and sacks of redolent cheese, slowly in the direction of the diner. At this point it would be desirable to know much better the French language, something further than nouns, infinitives, and the simplest phrases, for then one could save himself learning many things the hard way. One of them is that no coaxing, wheeling, or tipping gets one into a

French diner unless he has had a reservation for same when he boarded train. So all you get after half an hour (at least) of corridor climbing, doors slapping your *derriere* not gently, and moments of wondering if you'll ever make it, is the scent of sole and French fries, the sound of snapping corks, and a glimpse of wonderful salads over the shrugging shoulders of the *maitre de* beyond whom you never get sans "votre billet, s'il vous plait," kindly but very firmly. And eventually you start back through the same laborious corridors to your last coach in Third whence you came, gratefully to lean out the window.

By now one gazes out on miles of vineyards and very old homes, low-eaved and heavy of line, tile roofed and shaded by cork oaks and the first palms—*Trachycarpus fortunei*. One is getting into the south with its ancient fig trees, miles of peaches, chinaberry (*Melia azederach*) and bamboo along the tracks. The town is Libourne, an ancient river town, not far from an arm of the Bay of Biscay. The country is low and rich and lovely, humid enough for moss on the roofs and walls of ancient deserted buildings planted about many years ago with *Trachycarpus* (Windmill palms) now grown tall and mangy. Well-padded Holstein cattle browse in deep clover between Roman aqueducts and picturesque old strawberry trees (*Arbutus unedo*). At Bordeaux one crosses the wide and muddy Garonne beyond which appear the first good stands of live oak (*Quercus ilex*) and *Acacia baileyana*.

Below Bordeaux the low and level land soon becomes picturesque pine forest and scruboak. Lumbering is the main industry here. Then Dax with many short banana clumps, and Bayonne, and one is very tired by now, now that most of the crowd is off and he finally has a seat. The first glimpse of the ocean appears at Biarritz, and the sight and scent are bracing. Bracing, too, is the final change in scenery—to bright green wooded hills, rocky promontories deep in Maquis (native shrubbery) to the very cliff line, stretches of silver beach and rolling gray-blue water, clean surf and a bracing Atlantic breeze.

St.-Jean-de-Luz is the next to the last town on the line, not far from the Spanish frontier, and as one descends from his long ride at the little red brick station handsomely framed in white stone he realizes suddenly that he is not only on the beautiful Bay of Biscay but also at the foot of the Pyrenees which have appeared suddenly to the left, towering green and black to their many crowns, a symphony of magnificent forest and ripening grain fields. The cobbled station yard is gay with cannas, bananas and oleanders, and the charming old port is gayer still with handsome Basques, blue-denimed men with blue cloth sandals, grass-soled, and bright-eyed olive-skinned women with musical voices riding in two-wheeled carts laden with bread sticks and milk cans. The town is most inviting from that station—stucco houses of uniform height, soft pink, light blue, dusty salmon, all with framed

windows, some with balconies, and a tiny land-locked harbor crowded with fishing boats nearly all painted brilliant blue. The ocean itself is hidden by the close-set buildings and narrow streets of shops that beckon with attractive wares. Many of the sidewalks are crowded with people at tables Parisian style, sipping Pernod and good wines, unhurriedly, for the dinner hours commence at seven.

Gardens in the Basque country are mostly simple, but well adapted to the uses of their owners—pea-gravelled terraces on the sunniest side, set casually with iron tables and chairs and shaded by a well-pruned fig which gives dense protection from humid summer sun and frequent showers, filtered sun in the cool wet winters, as well as abundant fruit like round green balls tinged with purple and bursting with honey-like pink centers. Vines are always grapes, plus maybe a Spanish jasmine or *Solanum jasminoides*. Adjoining beds are interplanted with sweet peas and beans on wigwams of bamboo poles; purple and gray-green cabbages alternate among islands of okra, cotton, dahlias, horseradish, tarragon, lemon verbena and marigolds. Hedges are lavender and rosemary. Walls are smothered with wistaria and Gold of Ophir roses. Occasionally in Biarritz or on a baronial estate one encounters formal planting, clipped tamarisk, topiary yew and boxwood. Wistarias become round-headed trees underplanted with endless banks of the world's fattest hydrangeas, all in the tradition of Napoleonic times.

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Visitors to the County Fair were grateful to the Floral Association for sharing the talents of their beloved member, Mrs. Clark, designer of this prize-winning room.

The Garden Room

ALICE M. CLARK

When the San Diego Floral Association entered the Garden Club Display in the Del Mar County Fair, June 25, it was more interested in meeting the garden public than in the contest itself. This led to what is perhaps a distinct innovation in non-commercial Fair exhibits—a display where those interested could walk in for a closer inspection and discussion of the plants that attracted them.

Bearing in mind that the average garden has shrunk with the size of building sites, we decided to use the irregular space of 18x20 feet allotted to us to present a stream-lined unit that would combine areas for recreation and relaxation with those for work and plant display. Manuel Sandoval, a designer and builder of the Frank Lloyd Wright type, translated our ideas into reality. He transformed the ugly-duckling "slathouse" we see so often, into a new plant pavilion, an airy structure of artful simplicity and esthetic detail, with a roofline that seemed to float over the building like a halo. The "stuff" of which our dreams were made was the wonderful rustic pecky cedar donated by the Lumber and Builder's Supply Co., Solana Beach, to whom we are deeply grateful.

The ceiling was science's newest gift to gardeners—a dark bronze woven plastic cloth which gives fifty per cent shade (or eighty per cent, for warmer locations) leaving both people and plants in a soft light without the unpleasant shadows or drip of lath. Rain comes through the mesh evenly. Very little superstructure is necessary. The labor of installing the cloth is minor, there is no upkeep and it is inexpensive.

The exterior of "The Garden Room," as we called our project, was a background for some interesting plant materials. On the left of the south entrance was Thundercloud, a purple-leaved plum that has good fruit. Beside it, *Acocanthera*, sometimes called Wintersweet, bore both fruit and flowers. It is much sought by flower arrangers for its prune-colored leaves and fruit which are very poisonous. Giving accent to the same area were the small pink-cheeked crabapples of *Transcendant*, a dwarf tree.

High Noon rose flaunted its yellow blooms on the other side of the doorway. The gold color was brought down to earth by dwarf yarrow alternated in the border with sweeps of skyline Cambridge Blue lobelia. A large window box that extended both sides of the corner featured a striking display of Japanese hydrangeas whose flat smoky lavender panicles were offset by variegated green leaves.

The east entrance was flanked on one side by handsome blue agapanthus, while the flower clusters of the vine, *solanum seaforthianum*, picked up the same color over the door. On the other side the enormous blooms of *gardenia Miami Supreme* scented the air.

In planning the interior of The Garden Room, we asked ourselves many questions. Why pot plants in a murky, helter-skelter, crowded area behind or in the garage, where the soil, fertilizer and other materials had to be gathered from an assortment of boxes and sacks? How often are dirty pots used because there is only a bucket to wash them in? How many cuttings are lost because there is no

place ready to receive them? Why not bring plants closer to the eye level where they are easier to see, easier to reach, and safer from accidents? Of what use is it to close the door on beautiful shade plants? Why not sink down on a soft seat where you could even have a nap, and rest and rejoice over the beauty you have created? Or how about calling friends in for a cool drink, or a bite to eat in the same lovely environment?

The chief joy of the real gardener is in the doing rather than in the results, so we began our room by planning an efficient potting section. Two compost bins had covers that converted them into a sideboard if a buffet were served. Front boards fitted into grooves on each end and were removed as the soil level went down, so that the last shovelfull was easy to reach. A shelf above the work bench held a flat of *Spong-Rok* and peat so that cuttings could be made quickly if a plant were broken in potting beside it. There was space for another flat of young newly-potted plants. A small plastic box with tight lid held a hormone powder to stimulate root growth. Another served for transplanting and a third container offered plastic plant markers and pencils for names and dates, "lest we forget." A large calendar was handy in which to jot down the days when sowing, spraying or feeding took place. All built-up areas in the room were wider at the top than at the base, to give comfortable toe room.

A four-foot deck near the potting bins contained a deep laundry tray with some packets of Kurly Kate brass scouring pads, indispensable for removing alka-

line residue from dirty pots. There also sphagnum moss or peat could be soaked, and thirsty plant baskets dunked. Later it could be filled with ice for cooling drinks or used to wash the dishes after refreshments. A high shelf over the deck kept insecticides out of harm's way. Below were hooks for trowels, hammer, scissors, clippers, etc., centered by a mirror. To the right of the sink, shallow down-sloping shelves held a large supply of small pots, with the lowest level reserved for kleenex, notebook and twistums. A paper towel was on the roller underneath. Below the sink was a space for sprinkling can, buckets and larger pots.

The raised flower beds were the same comfortable height as the adjoining deck. Sunken pots of fuchsias, coleus, impatiens sultani, ferns, gloxinias, and begonias of all kinds and colorful hanging baskets made a glowing plant exhibit. Two large moss baskets of purple streptocarpus from Rosecroft Gardens were much admired. A cluster of fuchsias hanging over the edge of the bed were not even disturbed or broken during the eleven days of the show. Everyone enjoyed seeing the plants at close quarters against the handsome grapestake fencing of the large pergola behind them.

The corner next to the potting bench was given over to two built-in seats, with hinged tops, that offered storage for plant foods or tools not in constant use. Muehleisen's, always most cooperative, were responsible for the jade-green seat cushions and the bamboo screen gates of our exhibit. The square between the benches became a large planter box housing three tall dieffenbachia highlighted by the soft glow from a white paper lantern that swung above them.

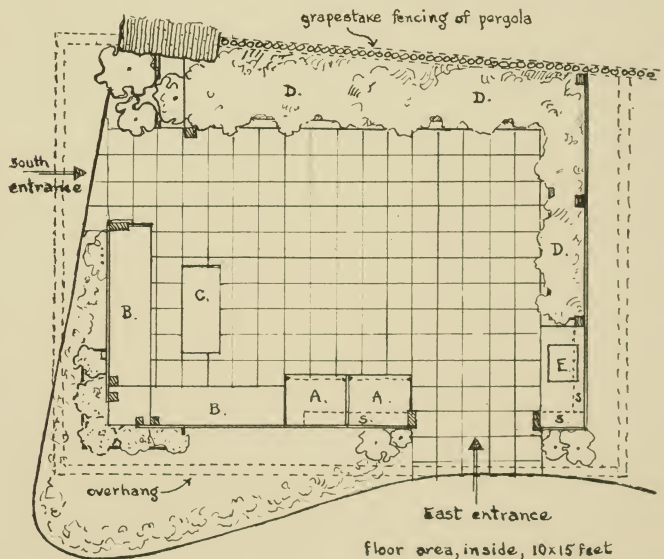
The charm of early California days was suggested by a floor of fired adobe tiles, twelve inches square, contributed through the

courtesy of Lowery's Do-It-Yourself Center. A large coffee table of Belgian marble, flushed with lavender tints, was a gracious loan from the Southwest Onyx Company.

Workers—we could have used more! But their lack pointed up the devotion of those who did help. We were especially grateful to M. Sandoval, who worked at top speed to finish on time. We shall always have a tender spot for Tom Schnors who ran the wheelbarrow umpteen times for tiles, plants, sand and sawdust during the week of construction. There is a stimulation about working on a show that is its own reward. It is something to have even a very small part in putting on the outstanding horticultural displays of the Del Mar County Fair. The nurserymen and landscape gardeners of this section have a true pride in their profes-

sion and it is too bad that many garden-minded people in town missed the treat that the general public enjoyed so much.

Our Affiliated Garden Club members were most cooperative in helping the Floral Association to greet thousands of guests. We were amazed to find that our little space turned out to be unbelievably roomy as well as completely workable and attractive. It was a worthwhile experience to meet so many potential as well as experienced gardeners, and share with them the practical suggestions we had embodied in The Garden Room. After the judging, it was thrilling to find a blue ribbon on our entry and we appreciate the opportunity of keeping the little house to show again next year. We are already deep in plans to change and improve it. It is *your show*—become a part of it by offering your suggestions now.



The Garden Room, San Diego Floral Association entry in Garden Club Contest, Del Mar County Fair, June 25 through July 5, 1954.

A. Potting bins; B. Built-in seats; C. Marble table; D. Raised planting beds; E. Laundry deck; S. Shelves.

Did you know that a four-inch potfull of clay contains about 45,000 square yards of surface?

Soil Structure

FRANK QUINTANA

In the beginning there was no soil, but provision had been made for it in the Plan. As the heat dissipated, and the earth cooled, it probably looked like the big brother of any volcanic rock you might casually examine today. But when the rains came, and wind, heat, frost and the other agencies of rock decomposition began their endless job, the earth inexorably became covered with a shallow layer of rock particles. Plants and animals came to live on it and leave their remains, and the glaciers ground it and stripped it and then retreated leaving it to mellow and be claimed as our heritage.

The recognition of the fact that the soil is primarily composed of tiny rock fragments will explain why the analysis of soils will generally run from ninety to ninety-nine percent mineral content, and only one to ten percent organic matter. In the case of muck or peat bogs, this ratio is reversed; but normally, soils fit the first given specification.

Soils are probably classified in as many ways as there are classifiers, but perhaps the most familiar terms that describe soil character are clay, sand and loam. Clay, and our adobe is close cousin to it, is the smallest mineral particle of the soil. The individual chunklets are rarely larger than one eight-hundred-thousandth of an inch. Clay particles tend to be thin, flat, plateshaped bodies, and the result of this characteristic particle is that clay soils save a tremendous surface area. It has been calculated that a four-inch potfull of clay contains about forty-five thousand square yards of surface. This immense surface

area affords a perfect storage place for the various mineral nutrients utilized by the growing plant. This may constitute a partial answer to the wonderment so frequently expressed by visitors when they declare their amazement over the way plants thrive in adobe soils. Moreover, it is also a partial explanation for the well known slow drying-out of this soil type.

Sand and silt, on the other hand, are comparatively inert materials, usually of varying particle size and shape, and they are regarded as the skeleton of the soil. Mixtures of sand, silt and clay are called loams. The character of the loam will depend upon the relative proportions of the ingredients, and, generally speaking, loams are highly prized by gardeners. Their benefit derives not only from the nutrient content of the clay fraction of the mixture, but most certainly also from the circumstance of their physical structure.

spaces. The pore spaces are divided into two types, namely, capillary (meaning very tiny, and usually filled with water) and non-capillary (meaning larger cracks and fissures that normally contain air). The ratio in the soil of capillary and non-capillary spaces to soil solids is of the greatest importance in normal plant growth. The non-capillary spaces permit air to enter the soil, and whenever soil aeration is poor,

One of the most important considerations of soil structure is the matter of pore space. Pore space is the name given to the tiny chinks and cracks between particles of soil. Under normal conditions, these spaces are filled either with water or air, a matter depending upon the size of the

growth will be poor and limited regardless of how much water or plant nutrient is applied.

Soil serves the plant in two ways, first, as a mechanical support, and second, as a reservoir of water and mineral nutrients required by the roots. Roots do best in a soil where water is present either as a thin film around soil particles, or in the short slim columns of the pore spaces. Together with this water, air must be present. It is not intended that there should be as free a circulation of air in the soil as there is above ground. Such an effect would cause the roots of terrestrial plants to dry out and the plant would die. In the ground, air that enters through the non-capillary pores dissolves in the soil water, and the oxygen content is absorbed by the roots along with other nutrients. Plant roots behave in an opposite way from the leaves, in that they take in oxygen and give off carbon dioxide. If for any reason, such as poor ventilation, this carbon dioxide accumulates in the root zone, the roots become poisoned and the plant dies. The soil must therefore be open enough to permit some movement of air.

The underground movement of air quite obviously depends upon the number and size of the pore spaces in the soil. Soils heavy in clay are comprised of tiny particles which pack together tightly so that the pore spaces are very small, and the circulation of air is restricted. There is no force pushing air into the soil. Air enters only as there is room available for it, as for example, as water moves (dries out, is absorbed by the plant, or drains to lower regions) out of the non-capillary

spaces. Sandy soils, because of their loose construction and large proportion of non-capillary spaces, permit a ready circulation of air, and dry out rapidly. Clay soils like our adobe have a preponderance of capillary spaces (water holding) and a paucity of non-capillary spaces (air holding). Over-watering plants to the point of killing them is an obvious cinch in adobe, but it isn't the water that is the assassin, so much as it is the resultant lack of air.

If an ideal soil were to be described, it would be one where there is about twenty-five percent capillary space, twenty-five percent non-capillary space and fifty-percent solid matter. The loam soil types approach this ratio, and are therefore highly desirable. Considering that the ideal soil is one in which about half of it is empty space, the luckiest gardener is one who, like Porgy of the Gershwin opera, can say "I've got plenty of nothin'."

Most gardeners are pestered by either too much clay or too much sand. There are few indeed blessed with a perfect loam for a garden soil. With clay types some cultivation helps, but more often than not, it serves only to break soil granules into smaller and smaller particles which then pack more tightly than before. This business of making little ones out of bigger ones is called puddling. The opposite effect, the development of larger chunks of soil from tiny ones is referred to as granulation. Recently several chemical aids have appeared on the market designed to assist the process of granulation. These materials are sold under fanciful trade names, and when applied in strict accordance with directions probably do assist. The drawback to using them lies in the fact that the treatment is laborious, and, while not prohibitive, is expensive. The high cost is supposedly justified by the long lasting effect of these items.

Other than these compounds, many bulk materials are helpful in correcting poor space relationships. Inert materials such as sand, gravel, sponge rock, vermiculite and decomposed granite have been used with varying degrees of success. A number of organic materials may be used, such as manures, leafmold, wood chips, shavings or sawdust, bean straw, tanbark and composts.

Organic materials are used with about equal benefit in both clay and sandy soils. They are reminiscent of the story from Aesop's Fables concerning the man walk-in to Mecca. He was met by a Genie who had (naturally) only recently escaped from a jar. The Genie was lonely, and asked if he might accompany the man on his way. While they were walking, it turned cold, and the man blew his breath on his hands.

"Why do you do that?" asked the Genie.

"To warm my hands," said the man, and the Genie was satisfied.

That evening when they stopped to eat, the Genie observed the man blowing on his soup, and mystified, he asked the man what he was doing.

"Cooling my soup," said the man.

This angered the Genie who rose up and slew the man saying that "a being who blew both hot and cold was a danger to the world!"

Organic materials do blow both hot and cold; in sandy soils they increase the water-holding properties by clogging the non-capillary spaces, and in clay soils, the decomposition products act as a cementing agent which will bind tiny particles into larger granules and thus increase the number of non-capillary spaces.

In relation to manures and their benefit to soil structure, it should be emphasized that fresh manures,

when used in moderate amounts, are of far greater value to the physical improvement of the soil than old decomposed materials. It has been discovered that during the course of the decomposition of fresh manures certain gelatinous substances (for want of a better term to describe them) are produced which function excellently in the very important business of granulating soils and improving aeration. It appears that the regularly recommended "thoroughly rotted" manures are past the stage when this beneficial effect can be produced. The same physical improvement may be obtained from the moderate use of fresh green manures (weeds and grass clippings). When used without prior composting, similar granulating effects are produced. A question might arise here about the generally recognized fact that soil organisms have a tendency to abandon their normal routine of supplying nutrients to the plants and preferentially spend their time working on the fresh green mulch. The loss so occasioned is a temporary one, and not at all serious since the effort is not lost, but is subsequently regained by the plant. In addition, the soil is improved by the time the nutrients are again available and the vacating bacteria have really accomplished more than you might have expected.

Take cheer in knowing that if you can recognize the problem confronting you in the matter of your garden soil, you can remedy it if you dig in. This may be hard on your back, but bear in mind old gardeners never die, they merely spade away.

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Marion listens misty-eyed as Henry lets the eloquence of Elizabeth Browning speak for him.

Leaves From The Observer's Notebook

MARION ALMY LIPPITT

I stood looking out of the living room window to watch the sycamore leaves scud in the wind up the arroyo. "Autumn conditions us for every season of the year," I meditated aloud. "No matter what section of the country you call home, on this kind of day you say, 'There's a touch of fall in the air.'"

Henry uncrossed his stretched-out legs, leaned forward, and poked the fire. It burst into flame appreciatively.

"Open fires are such responsive additions to living," I remarked. "They contribute so much pleasure for so little attention."

Henry by-passed me and addressed the fire, muttering in an ominous tone: "Aren't women appallingly superficial?"

I started to defend my statement, when Henry questioned abruptly, "Who cut those logs from the eucalyptus grove we thinned behind the house?"

"You did," I answered, "because you wanted the exercise."

Which doesn't change your conclusion a bit," retorted Henry. "Please analyze my remark carefully. I said 'Open fires contribute so much pleasure for so little attention.' Labor is in a different bracket of discussion."

"A higher and more fundamental one," Henry shot back.

"I'll concede that point," I replied, "provided you'll agree about autumn being a conditioner."

With his usual directness Henry inquired, "What about autumn?"

"Autumn conditions us for every season of the year," is what I said. Now you tell me how."

"It could be that it prepares us for winter underwear," suggested Henry.

"How could winter underwear condition you for spring and summer?" I demanded defiantly.

"By conditioning you to enjoy its removal!"

"Besides which, who wears winter underwear in Southern California?" I asserted, determined to have the last word. Seeing that as usual he was full of answers, I hurried on with my own train of thoughts.

"Autumn teaches you the art of harvesting. You can harvest sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and feel of each season. Can't you whiff the autumn smells of burning leaves, ripe pears, and spicy chrysanthemums?"

"Ah," exclaimed Henry, jumping at once, characteristically, from the imaginative to the practical, "That reminds me to ask you if you know why my chrysanthemums have not done well. I'm sure I followed the directions for planting carefully. I chose a sunny spot. I saw to it that the soil was medium rich. I fertilized with liquid manure until the color showed in the buds. Then I changed to chemical fertilizer. What lack I yet?"

"My garden guider says that as soon as chrysanthemums begin to feel at home they increase profusely."

Henry contemplated the fire in deep concentration. Then he rose and turned over each book on the table. Not finding what he wanted, he tried the bookcase. Extracting a slim volume, he slipped it into his pocket and started for the door.

I threatened to trip him as he came by me. "Tell me," I pleaded, "what's it all about?"

Henry took the book from his pocket and held it so that I could read the title.

"Sonnets from the Portuguese, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning,"

I read in amazement.

Before I could make further inquiries Henry said, "I'm off to make the chrysanthemums feel at home. I thought if I read them a bedtime sonnet it would help them to grow."

"Which sonnet are you choosing?" I questioned, with assumed gravity.

Henry stopped, turned about, opened the book and read the forty-third sonnet.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with a passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith,

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! —

And, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death."

Had Henry read the sonnet just for me? I found that I was about to dissolve into tears. I controlled my voice sufficiently to say, "Any chrysanthemum that does not respond to that treatment does not deserve to grow!"

Henry smiled, winked at me, and returned the book to its place on the bookshelf.

In the second of two articles, Mr. Leeper points out plantings of beauty at Greenwood Memorial Park.

Landscaping of Modern Cemeteries

MILTON F. LEEPER

Much of California would be rather bleak as far as plant materials are concerned were it not for the contributions made by Australia and New Zealand. Few people probably realize just how great this has been, but if one were to look around at the number of Eucalyptus and Acacia varieties that are planted, particularly in the Southern California area, to say nothing of the numerous lesser known plants, some idea may be gained as to the value of these lend-lease materials—materials which have been made available for the enjoyment of man through the beautification of his surroundings rather than for destructive purposes.

One of the problems always encountered when writing or speaking about plant materials is that of nomenclature, or the naming of plants. The system in use today which consists primarily of a first and last name known as the generic and specific name was organized by a Scandinavian botanist, Karl Linnaeus, of the eighteenth century. Through the use of this system, which by necessity was somewhat arbitrary, it is possible to identify a common geranium by a specific name whether it grows in California or South Africa and know exactly what plant is referred to.

Here, then, is the reason that people who work with plants almost always insist upon using botanical names. The same cannot be said for what are referred to as common names, for these will vary from one locality to another and, while they are often very descriptive and colorful, they are of little use for positive identification.

Not all botanical names are Latin; many of them are of Greek origin. Many of them are more descriptive than their commonplace name. A good example of this is the name Eucalyptus which means "covered box," and anyone who has seen the flower capsule of this group of trees will quickly recognize how appropriate this name is. Actually it isn't at all difficult to learn botanical names, and is a lot of fun. Try learning a few and see how surprised and pleased your nurseryman is when you walk in and ask for *Acacia melanoxylon* (which means blackwood acacia), instead of "black Acacia."

Of all the ornamental trees planted in Southern California the various kinds of Eucalyptus, of which there are several hundred listed kinds, form the most important group. Of these, the most spectacular is the blue Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*). This tree grows to a height of three hundred feet and is extremely hardy, as are most of the eucalyptii. It is a very dirty tree as it is constantly shedding its bark. In fact, many of the eucalyptii shed their bark, leaves, and even their branches any time of the year.

Many of them have very showy flowers which are borne in great profusion. The outstanding example of this is the Scarlet Flowering Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus ficifolia*) with which most of us are familiar. It is a rounded tree reaching an average height of twenty-five feet and when in flower is completely covered with large clusters of flowers varying in color from deep scarlet through oranges and pinks.

There are some of the eucalyptii which have a rough, tight, rather corrugated bark and are known generally as Ironbarks. These make very pretty trees, and while they are not as rapid growers as some of the others are certainly much more worthwhile when grown. One of them in particular, the Red Ironbark (*Eucalyptus sideroxylon*, var. *rosea*) has very beautiful red flowers which tend to bloom more intermingled with the foliage.

For rapid growth the Acacia is probably tops. One species in particular, the Black Acacia (*Acacia melanoxylon*) is an extremely rapid grower and makes a pretty dark green tree. It is a very hardy tree in Southern California but quite often outgrows its soil conditions in twenty-five or thirty years and has to be replaced. While it is fairly drought resistant it will live much longer where it has access to plenty of water. The most spectacular of all the acacias is the Acacia Baileyana which almost everyone knows by that name if they are at all familiar with plants. It is a ferny leaved, grey foliated tree which grows to about twenty or twenty-five feet and in the spring is completely covered with yellow showy blossoms.

A very pretty tree for patio and yard use is the Weeping Elm (*Ulmus parvifolia*) or sometimes called Evergreen Elm, for they will remain evergreen or almost so in Southern California during most seasons. It is a spreading tree with drooping branches which unattended will grow to the ground and has a very clean growth habit. It is not too rapid in growth and requires little spe-

cial care when young, usually requiring a strong stake and should have the young branches left on the trunk as stubs in order to induce growth in the trunk until it has reached sufficient caliper to support the top.

One tree we have used in Greenwood Memorial Park and like very much is the Bull Bay (*Magnolia grandiflora*) which almost everyone knows as the Magnolia. You see, botanical names are not hard to learn at all! Through the Southern United States where this tree grows as a native it is usually found where there is lots of water and a fair depth of soil, which may be a clue as to why they sometimes do not do so well around Southern California. Usually the magnolia is considered a slow grower but can be forced to grow pretty rapidly. It has, however, a most remarkable ability to stay about the same size for years once it has reached the limits of its available soil and water. The fruits are borne upright on the branches as cones about four inches long and are usually rust colored but we have several in Greenwood which at certain stages are colored bright red and are very showy.

A very striking tree when flowering is the Jacaranda, sometimes called Fern Tree (*Jacaranda acutifolia*). It is a green fern leaved tree usually slightly deciduous, that is, sheds its leaves, which may grow to a height of thirty-five or forty feet and in late spring or early summer is completely covered with lavender-blue flowers which resemble open snapdragons and are about the same size, but are borne in large panicles, or clusters.

To cover all of the trees available for this area or even those which are planted in Greenwood Memorial Park would require a great amount of space, so an effort has been made to describe briefly some of the more impor-

tant and striking ones. There are two more which should be mentioned. One is the Silk Oak (*Grevillea robusta*) and the Brazilian Pepper (*Schinus terebinthifolius*).

The former may grow to as much as one hundred feet, but in this area should be kept much lower as it has a habit of dropping its brittle branches at times, especially during a wind storm. It has very nice foliage of a fern-like nature which it sheds, unfortunately, all year long. The golden flowers give the effect of being borne in tiers and during the flowering season of May and June is very picturesque.

The Brazilian Pepper is a very nice, small growing tree which bears its berries in colorful clusters around Christmas time. They are redder and larger than those of its California relative, and the tree is not as quarrelsome with its neighbors as is the California Pepper.

Of all the vines we see in California, none has attained the eminence of the Bougainvillea. There are a number of varieties

and several species, most of which do well only in the tropics. The ones most commonly seen around here are varieties of *Bougainvillea spectabilis*. The most desirable one is called Crimson Lake. They are weak rooters at the start and great care must be used in removing them from the can at time of planting as they do not recover well from root shock. Once they are under way they become very vigorous. After a time some amount of pruning is necessary in the spring.

One of the most tropical looking vines to be seen in Southern California is the Cup of Gold (*Solanandra guttata*), sometimes called the Chalice Vine. It will produce heavy limbs up to thirty-five feet or more which may be trained along porch railings or trellises as long as the location is warm and sunny. It is a winter bloomer with flowers up to six inches across, cream colored at first, later turning yellow with some purple evident.

The giant Burmese Honey-suckle (*Lonicera hildebrandti*-



Weeping Willow bordering Mirror Lake at Greenwood Memorial Park.

ana) is another rapid, rank grower under proper conditions.

There are two passion vines planted in this region but the one most admired is not the edible fruited one but rather the one which bears the flowers from which the name was derived. It is a soft vine and rather fast grower, blooming through the warm months. There is an abundance of the odd shaped, sweetly fragrant flowers which have long been used to represent symbolically the Last Supper.

There is one shrub which really should have been listed under trees, for while it is often considered a shrub, it does make a very nice tree here. That is the Smilax Bush or Tree (*Maytenus boaria*) of which there are two specimens growing in Greenwood, one a tree about twenty-five feet high and the other about ten feet high. The smaller one grows near Mirror Lake and may be distinguished by the graceful, pendulous branches strung with the light green leaves in such a fashion as to remind one of the smilax vine.

To give a complete list would amount to writing a book, and such a book has been prepared a number of years ago by Roland S. Hoyt called *Ornamental Plants for Subtropical Regions*. It was first printed by the Livingston Press in Los Angeles in 1938 and is an excellent reference for both the amateur and professional.

Our Managing Editor covers lots of territory—

Compost

JANET RICHARDS

The Flower Show at the San Diego County Fair at Del Mar which closed July 5th was, as usual, one of the major attractions of the Fair. M. E. Salsberry, superintendent of the Floriculture Department, says the 1954 show was the "best show we've had yet." He is already working on plans for next year's fair which now include a course in flower arrangement to be given in the area of the flower show. The course will be taught by professionals and amateurs. There is room for more participants at the flower show and individuals and garden clubs throughout San Diego County are urged to consider entering the competition.

Salsberry is assistant manager of Exhibits for the 22nd Agricultural District of the State of California. He is the man in charge of exhibits in agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture. He says he started in the Exposition Nursery in Balboa Park in 1913, just before the San Diego Exposition, and has been working with fairs ever since. At the time we talked to him, he was rushing off to do something about fairs in Ventura and Pomona.

The San Diego Floral Association won first prize in the Profes-

sional Division for its Garden Club display. In a separate article in this issue, Alice Clark describes the exhibit. The Delcadia Garden Club won second prize.

Other prize winners in the professional section were: Begonia Display: *California Association of Nursymen*, first prize; *Montalvo Greenhouses*, second prize; Cactus Garden: *Leucadia Nursery*, first; Carnation display: *Broadway Florists*, first; Cut Flowers by Commercial Growers: *A. L. Lamp*, first; *Tyler Greenhouses*, second; *Edwin Frazee*, third; Cut Flowers by Florists: *Broadway Florists*, first; *Pt. Loma Florists*, second; *Rainford Flower Shop*, third; Fern Display: *Leucadia Nursery*, first; *Montalvo Greenhouses*, second; *Gresham Patio Nursery*, third; Florists and Growers Association Display: *Southern California Florists Association*, first; *California State Florists Association*, second; *San Diego County Flower Growers Association, Inc.*, third; Formal Garden: *Leucadia Nursery*, first; *Landscape Contractors Association*, second; *Blair Burkhardt*, third; Fuchsia Display: *Geo. Evans*, first; *Horner's Nursery*, second; Gladiolus Display: *Pt. Loma Flor-*

(Continued on Page 18)

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California Garden's youngest contributor, age 13, avers that few local gardens are without representatives from among the succulents.

Succulents for Gardens

BILL BURNETT

To know and raise succulent plants we must first understand them and the environment from which they came. First, however, we must answer the question, "What is a succulent?"

A succulent is a plant whose stems and/or leaves are swollen with juice. "Why?" simply because they live and thrive in an environment of little moisture and great droughts. To overcome these conditions, which no respectable pansy or petunia would ever think of doing, they have learned to store water and conserve it. They have discovered a way to reduce transpiration and have enlarged their cells to hold the precious liquids. In this way they have adapted themselves to the Hades of the plant world—the Mohave, Colorado and Sonoran of North America and the Karroo and the Kalahari of South Africa.

One sees few California gardens which do not have one or more of these plants amongst them. Let us look at some succulents that you may have:

In the orpine family (*Crassulaceae*) are found a great number of tall-growing, bushy forms. A beautiful *Crassula* is the *Crassula Argentea*, the tallest grower of its genus. It often reaches a height of eight feet and sometimes twelve feet. It has jade green leaves with

colorful red rims. The flowers appear at Christmas and last throughout January. They are of a delicate shade of pink. This very popular plant is an easy grower and smaller specimens do well in pots.

Another famous *Crassula* is the *Tetragona* with its dark green short pointed leaves, in, as the name applies, four upright, neat and orderly rows. It has an Oriental appearance and is known for its ease of cultivation.

Crassula Multicava, *Rupestris* and *Reticulata* are readily grown and are most attractive in cheerful planters or draping down the side of a pot. Its color is brought out if placed in a shady spot.

The air plants, *Bryophylla*, include the internationally known *pinnatum*. It has broad leaves of an elegant green, and one of its leaves may be hung on a bedroom drapery and in a matter of days little plantlets will sprout from the tips. This is the habit of all the air plants. The *tubiflorum* and *Daigremontianum* are musts to the collection. The *Fedschenko*i and lesser known *scandens* are easy growers and make sturdy year round growth.

Closely related to *Bryophyllum* is the genus *Kalanchoe*. In this group the panda plant, *tomentosa*, with its furry leaves, and the delicately colored *Blossfeldiana*, with its pendant bell-like blossoms, are most popular.

Other genera of this most interesting family including *Cotyledon* out of which *obriculata* is recommended. It also contains *Graptopetalum paraguayense* alias *Byrnesia*, *Echeveria*, *Pachyphytum* or *Graptopetalum*, Star Plant and Ghost Plant. Whatever you may call it, it is a favorite even in the

most advanced of collections.

Sedum has several varieties that spread fast, making them ideal for rock gardens. The colorful bead-like leaves of *pachyphyllum*, that does so well in poor soil and full sun, bears little resemblance to its cousin *prealtum*. The latter is recommended and is commonly seen.

Genus *Aeonium* is well represented in California. They are continually producing heads. You can count on these to keep yielding slips for your friends. Genus *Dudleya*, a native of this region, produces ever-growing rosettes. There has been a record of such rosettes a foot and a half in diameter.

I have mentioned only the *Crassulaceae* as they on the average are the easiest group to cultivate. After you have raised a good number satisfactorily you can begin trying your luck with other families. The sunflower group has a few succulents to offer. The blue chalk plant *Kleinia repens*, and the inch worm *Kleinia articulata* are grown with considerable ease. Certain Mesembryanthema can be counted upon to care for themselves, so to speak, and thus you may spend the most of your garden time with your more delicate plants. The only care this group needs is to keep down the weeds and to watch for snails and ants as well as a small number of rarer pests you seldom need to worry about.

In California they can stay outside the entire year. They need to be watered every once in a while depending on the area in which you live. It is better to withhold water if in doubt.

Whatever else you raise, succulents can add a definite something to your garden.

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Mrs. Lee has learned through trial and error which of these beauties are best suited to domesticity.

Fuchsias Through My Window

HARRIETT LEE

Four years ago when we remodeled our redwood house we replaced the series of small east windows overlooking the canyon with plate glass covering a ten foot space in the living room and a twelve foot space in the dining room. A big five foot window was moved to the north wall of the kitchen.

I wanted some color so I put two fuchsia baskets outside of each window.

I was determined to make a success of them so I started asking questions of nurserymen and reading everything I could find in print about growing fuchsias. Most articles applied to lath house and patio planting so I had to learn the hard way thru trial and error.

I have neither ground space for planting nor place for a lath house, so I have confined my efforts to growing fuchsias in baskets and pots. I have found that the baskets thrive best on the north side of the house. They get a little early morning sun and a short period of late afternoon sunshine. They have some protection from the wind. My finest baskets are always grown in front of my kitchen window.

The east exposure is good with the exception of a warm spell. When we have bright sunshine early in the morning it sometimes leaves the flowers in the wire baskets wilted by noon.

The front porch on the south side is the poorest spot. There is too much wind. The roof and a large tree make too much shade, except in the winter, when the sun is low.

I have been successful with a few hardy varieties planted in a

narrow space along the street in front of an abelia hedge. In spite of facing the afternoon sun, several of them have been blooming profusely and are from eight to ten feet high. The taller ones are Red Monarch Svelte, Rose of Castile, Rubio and Aurora Superba. In front of them are Display, Amy Lye and Checkerboard.

I have to keep moving my baskets around until I find the place they like best. Seventeen is the only one that stays thruout the year in the filtered sunlight on my shady south porch. Others I have tried there stop blooming or the blossoms become small and off color. Seventeen continues to bloom there all winter.

Colombine, Sea Foam, Bewitched and Enchanted like to be high on the north side. Marinka thrives near them but hangs lower.

I read that Amapola likes full sun but the foliage became dark and tough on mine until I moved it to the north exposure where it grew profusely and bloomed beautifully. The same location was approved by Swingtime, San Pablo and Mrs. Victor Rieter.

Moth Blue, Muriel, Purple Sage, and Flying Cloud grow well in the more protected spot on the east side of the house. Witemont, Chang, Red Spider, Utopia, Anna and Falling Star do well on the sunny end of the east porch.

I discovered that by using a fine fog spray each evening, leaving the foliage wet at night I can control aphids and many other pests. A lesson I learned the hard way was never to spray just before the sun shines on a plant or while it is shining on the plant.

I have found that I must water

baskets in the sunny and windy locations more frequently than I water the others, and that the wire baskets require water more often than do the redwood ones. It's like treating each child in the family differently.

A high school girl, who took care of my plants while I was on vacation, made an unusual observation for a person inexperienced in gardening. She said that when she started watering the fuchsias, they all looked alike, except for the color and size of the flowers, but after a few days she discovered that each one had a distinct personality. She was astonished to find the foliage and growing habits of each plant so different.

I have many of the large varieties: Moth Blue, The Dowager, San Pablo, Enchanted Treasure, Swingtime, San Mateo, Super Colossal and Utopia, but I am especially partial to the tiny ones such as Bluette, Forget Me Not and Swanley Yellow. Two of my favorites among the older ones are Rose of Castile and Gypsy Queen. I always have some of the white combinations in front of my window where they greet me when I turn on the lights. We enjoy them thru our windows both day and night.

Two years ago in August, when we returned from a vacation, the heat had caused the leaves on several baskets to turn yellow and drop. I cut the branches back, but not as severely as a regular pruning. The smaller twigs with good foliage were left. I continued to feed them as usual and those baskets were in full bloom in December and continued thru April. I tried it again last year and find that fuchsias are more beautiful

Superstitions cling to the fragrant Frangipani, our cover illustration described here.

Frangipani or Plumeri

ALFRED C. HOTTES

The Frangipani, Templetree, or Redjasmine is *Plumeria*. Two interesting explanations are given for the derivation of the common name Frangipani. One version is that it comes from the French word *frangipanier*, coagulated milk, which exudes from the wounded plant. The other is that a Frenchman by this name compounded a perfume with the fragrance of these flowers. *Plumeria* is named for Charles Plumier, French botanist (1646 to 1706). It belongs to the family Apocynaceae, related to Oleander and Vinca.

Although *Plumeria rubra* is a large tropical tree, with us it is

only a shrub with strangely swollen branches and crooked trunk—gouty in appearance. The flowers are very fragrant; red, pink or purple; flowering when the trees are leafless sometimes. Leaves are produced during the rainy season, often sixteen inches long and perhaps four inches wide, crowded at the tips of the branches. This is found all the way from Mexico to Venezuela.

Variety *acutifolia* has white flowers with a yellow center, often with a slight flush of rose. We refer to it as the Mexican Frangipani.

The Cuban Frangipani, *P. emarginata*, is quite tender, grows

only in greenhouses. The white flowers have round lobed petals. The leaves are slightly emarginate, that is, notched at the tip, hairy beneath, and the veins are nearly at right angles to the midrib.

Throughout tropical regions this is a common flower and churches of Central and South America are often permanently scented with this flower which is used in profusion on the altars. Throughout the ages these trees have been cultivated near temples for votive offerings to the gods. Note the cover illustration to see that the flowers are in terminal clusters, with the edges of the lobes overlapping and with one edge curled back. In these tropical regions the plants seem to bloom even when uprooted, hence the trees are considered symbols of immortality. In India the trees seldom seed and a superstition has arisen that the seeds cure cobra bites, the cobra having broken off the seedpods, thereby preventing their ripening.

Culture. The plants thrive only in a hot spot and their use against a building is wise. As we see them they are frequently grown in pots, given little water in winter. Transplanting without a ball of soil should be done in winter.

Fuchsias Through My Window

(Continued from Page 16)

in winter. The flowers are larger with better color and they last longer. Several of these plants have continued to bloom steadily thru July. I am able to keep fuchsias green thruout the year, because in my location I have had nothing but the tallest poinsettias damaged by frost.

I heard a woman who was admiring the fuchsia display at the Del Mar Fair say, "More people should grow fuchsias. They are so hardy and easy to grow."

I do not agree with her. Some of the sturdy older varieties are hardy, if given the right soil and location. After they become established they seem to thrive without much attention. That is not the case with the newer ones and those in baskets. If we want to enjoy their lovely colors, we must give them the right soil, location, feeding, and watering. We are well rewarded for our efforts by their beauty, their varying colors, tones and contrasts.

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Compost

(Continued from Page 14)

ists, first; *Broadway Florists*, second; *Hydrangea Display: Montalvo Greenhouses*, first; *California Association of Nurserymen*, second; *Colony Nursery*, third; *Landscape Garden: Williams and MacPherson*, first; *Walter Anderson*, second; *Blair Burkhardt*, third; *Landscape Tropical: Sessions Garden & Nursery Store*, first; *William and MacPherson*, second; *Leucadia Nursery*, third; *Lath House Display: Montalvo Greenhouses*, first; *Leucadia Nursery*, second; *Lee S. Langford*, third; *Nursery Display: California Association of Nurserymen*, first; *Montalvo Greenhouses*, second; *Colony Nursery*, third; *Orchid Display by Florist: Broadway Florists*, first; *Orchid Display by Grower: Lee S. Langford*, first; *Patio Garden Display: Raymond L. and Sadia B. Fritz*, first; *Rose Display: Broadway Florists*, first; *Rose Garden Display: Pt. Loma Florists*, second; *Pelargonium and Geranium Display: Horner's Nursery*, first; *Potted Plant Display: Leucadia Nursery*, first; *Gresham Patio Nursery*, second; *Lee S. Langford*, third; *Rock Garden: Raymond L. and Sadia B. Fritz*, first; *Strelitzia Display: Broadway Florists*, first; *Strelitzia Garden Display: Gresham Patio Nursery*, second; *Basket or bowl of Cut Flowers: Rainford Flower Shop*, first; *Pt. Loma Florist*, sec-

ond and third; and *Corsages: Kenard's Floral Shop*, first; *Kenard's Floral Shop*, first; *Broadway Florists*, second and third.

In the Amateur Division, the Garden Club Display was won by the *Escondido Garden Club*, the *Euclid Elementary School Garden Club*, second, and the *Pacific Beach Garden Club*, third.

Early next spring, write to the San Diego County Fair, Del Mar, and ask for a premium list. All the competitions and their prizes and entry rules are listed.

* * *

The University of California has announced a new statewide department of nematology. The department will coordinate and intensify research work of the U. C. College of Agriculture and Agricultural Experiment Station at Davis, Berkeley, and Riverside on the microscopic, soil-dwelling round worms that damage the roots of plants, inflicting heavy losses on agriculture each year. Greatest losses from nematodes involve grapes, oranges, peaches, and cherries. In the amount of acreage affected the most heavily hit are sugar beets, cotton, tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, beans, melons and cucurbits, and garlic.

And about cucurbits, we might save one or two readers a trip to the dictionary having just made the trip ourselves. A cucurbit is a cucurbitaceous plant. And a cucurbitaceous plant is an herbace-

ous tendril-bearing vine including the cucumber, melon, squash, pumpkin, and gourd.

We have been musing upon the fact that "what this town needs" is something to match the patness of "Plymouth Rock." We are thinking that that combination of words creates an image of brave souls crossing the Atlantic seeking liberty, arriving at a new land, and sighting a large firm rock upon which they bravely set their silver buckled pumps. That rock has the connotation of Gibraltar. And to most school children from that first foot on that firm rock stems all American history. And that was 1620. But 78 years before, in 1542, Cabrillo and his men had climbed out of their dinghys and walked up on the warm sandy shore of Point Loma. No stability of idea there. The place is now called Ballast Point which is even less reassuring. Our National Monument to that sailor is a lighthouse of which we are very fond. We have simply wondered what it would be like to go down to Ballast Point and plant a large boulder and upon it a bronze plaque, reading "Piedra de Cabrillo. Cabrillo landed here. The *San Salvador* and the *Victoria* sailed into this bay 78 years before the *Mayflower* arrived at Plymouth." It would probably be a very exhausting project.

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Crabgrass seems to have the upper hand in Mrs. Castleton's garden, but she is philosophically cheerful.

My back yard in Van Nuys grows the finest stand of crabgrass in Southern California. It is a special hybrid variety, very rare, with seeds so concentrated that there are 70,000 seeds to one stalk, and 70,000 stalks to the square inch . . . Evidently the species is determined not to die out.

Fascinating thing is, I've been able to successfully train it! . . . So that all the underground root system—(and, if you know crabgrass, an impressive thing it is. Why, the Moscow subway system pales beside it)—So that all the underground root system undermines my flower beds, not to mention the very foundation of my house. And all the stems cast their seeds toward my neighbor's rose garden.

Steve, my neighbor, seemed to tense up a bit at this turn of events, or, I should say, at this flow of germinating chromosomes pouring into his precincts more densely say, than the rate of cars entering California daily.

So I told him, "Look, Steve, wait a few months till it fills out a bit. Then we can get in there with a caterpillar tractor; we'll *bulldoze* it out!"

"No we'll wait a little longer," said Steve, with fine *sarcasm*. "Then get in there with a donkey engine and a Diesel saw, and we'll *lumber* it!"

My luxuriant stand began when my husband inadvertently spilled

Crabgrass Forever!

CHAFFEE CASTLETON

a sack of fertilizer on the lawn. Did the grass come up, fresh and fair, at this unexpected bonus? No, but the crabgrass got knee-high overnight. This happened four years ago, and still this patch remains so thick and high that crawling babies are lost in it, not to mention croquet balls, casting plugs, iced tea glasses and pruning shears. From this mother stand, the crabgrass has joyously radiated to the four corners of the compass.

Not only this, but during its quiescent periods the chrome yellow color of my lawn vibrates to the sky, vying with the bloodiest sunset in intensity of color.

There are two known methods of combating this creeping horror. Pull it, or poison it . . . Neither method works.

You can pour on all the chemicals known to the diabolical brain of man — lethal enough to lay waste whole towns and expensive enough to send a girl through college, and it grows more abundantly than ever. Atomic scientists openly admit that they haven't come up with anything yet that will make a dent in crabgrass.

Likewise, I've pulled it out until my hands are raw and bleeding. Once, after feverishly and dog-

gedly tearing it from the ground for two hours, I cleared a small patch about the size of a pocket handkerchief. The next morning, on being queried about my swollen, discolored, aching hands, I took my husband out to triumphantly show him the cleared spot. It was nowhere to be seen. The crabgrass had been too quick for me . . . While I slept the sleep of exhaustion, it was busy filling in the bare spot.

Eventually the bald facts will out;—neither pulling nor poison, surfeiting or starving, drying or drowning, praying or cursing, will deter it from its purpose—that of covering the globe. No matter what, the *crabgrass must* get through!

In a last desperate effort, we built a concrete patio over it. Foolish mortals! It just lifted the patio up and tossed it aside, barbeque, furniture, guests, and all.

The climax has been reached. Either we get out, or put up with it. It's driven me to the psychiatrist's couch. There I learned I was at fault, not the crabgrass. For the sake of my sanity, I must convince myself that crabgrass is beautiful, lovely, greatly to be desired. That my lawn, with its 4,900,000 *crabgrass* seeds per square inch, is a wow of a success.

Reader, *you too* can live in harmony with crabgrass!

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Garden Chores

ADA PERRY

It might be very hard this warm August night to speak of gardening in November, except that—there's a touch of coolness in the mornings already. Makes me a little bit angry. Summer, with its camping and swimming trips, is so wonderful.

But gardening chores, anyway, must be easier in the fall. At least people engage in them more frequently and in greater numbers. I know. It's because they miss figuring out constructive channels for the destructive energies of their dear offspring. Don't mind me, now, I'm just amazed at the summer scene when filled with between seven and twelves. All I can think of is to say "yes" when they ask to help with the garden. Even if I am an old maid, I do know that's better than to suggest that they help with the garden. This seems to drive them far and wide and their parents have to send out deputy searching parties.

Enough of this kid-kidding. The department of agriculture has been unusually helpful lately. I guess it's because there has been an unusual number of problems and an unusual number of phone calls. If you had borer holes in your plum trees this summer you can get the jump on them this November by scattering naphthalene flakes in a trench around the base of the trunk the last of October.

If you have gardenia trouble this fall and winter, I can sympathize with you. I had it last year. Gardenias are very agreeable here, provided—you find out just what it is they want in your particular set of circumstances. There's a lot of rules flying around and you just have to grab the ones that apply. Mine are in wooden tubs and I nearly lost them last winter.

The big crops of buds were a total loss. So there followed long weeks of sunning, shading, (pulling the tubs back and forth), superthriving, trace toning, giving cottonseed, blood and bone, and blood meal. But the most important thing was training myself to feel them every time before I put a drop of water on them. I mean, feeling the earth in the tubs, of course. It wouldn't have been profitable feeling the gardenias. They just sat there yellow and feeling putrid. What was the matter with them seemed to be an absolute aversion to any watering whatsoever until the earth was beginning to get dry on top. Then they would accept a good soaking. But any casual squirting from the hose along with the roses and carnations was simply unthinkable. They are all right now but not a drop of water goes on them without proper investigation of the earth surface.

Then there's the nursery chap out El Cajon way who had civilized gardenias all winter and spring. He kept them under lath and let 'em get limp before he watered them. You find out your own rules, it seems, as I said.

It will be bare root rose time pretty soon—January one is the opening date—and I'm greatly intrigued by the influence the rose Charlotte Armstrong is swinging on the all American rose selections. That's a rose I have no feeling for whatever. My brightest nursery customers come in and ask for another bush of it and I just react like a great big zero. I know they're right because this Charlotte is parent to both Tiffany and Queen Elizabeth, the '55 winners, and parent to runners-up Roundelay and La Jolla and parent to Mojave, a '54 winner and many others I'm too sleepy to look up. My only refuge is to admit sourly that she's a good brood mare.

Have a suggestion about bulbs. So many Easterners come by and want bulbs for naturalizing. They are thinking of crocus and grape hyacinths. But freesias naturalize wonderfully here and are much more used to dry summers. I'm sure San Diegans have noticed freesias coming back year after year in spots where water is lightly and infrequently applied. The cluster narcissus will do that, too, and this may be because they are natives of Asia Minor where rainfall is light.

Sparaxis are increasing in popularity. Do you suppose that's because the black markings match wrought iron chairs? Well, they are good bulbs.

Remember if you're going to plant tulips and hyacinths, begin by putting them in the refrigerator for a month or so. See that the earth for them is dug deep so that they can be covered at least four inches over the top of the bulb. Six inches is better. Surround each bulb with a clean sand cushion.

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October 29, 30 & 31
Admission .25

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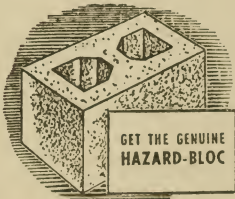
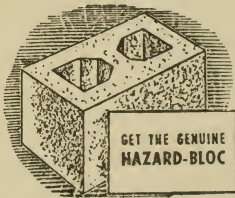
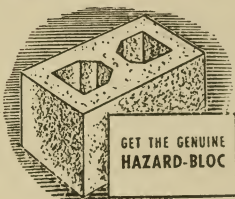
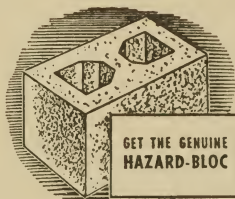
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